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IN  
MEMORIAM  
A  
TRIBUTE TO THE SOLDIER DEAD.  
BY  
HARRY O. <sup>Wells</sup> HALL.

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WASHINGTON,  
D.C.

1909.

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READ AT CONGRESSIONAL CEMETARY  
MAY 30, 1907.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

[A Tribute to the Soldier Dead.]

One by one the fleeting years roll by,  
And once again the Spring flowers bloom  
And shed their grateful fragrance on the air.

Once more the sound of muffled drum  
And bugle's softened note  
Is heard through all the land  
Amid the silent habitations  
Of the Nation's honored dead.

Surviving comrades of the long ago,  
With feeble step and tear-dimmed eyes,  
Again assemble round the grassy mounds  
Wherein repose the war-worn forms  
Of heroes long departed.

From them the bugle call of reveille  
Brings no response as in the days of yore.  
The stirring notes of "Boots and saddles"  
Fall on listless ears, deadened with slumber.  
The terried ranks of infantry, artillery, and cavalry  
Move not in answer to the trumpet call.

Disturb them not, but let them slumber on.

With one accord on this Memorial Day  
The busy wheels of Industry stand still  
To pay their silent tribute to the soldier dead.  
Around the sacred mounds which mark their resting  
place  
A grateful people stand with uncovered head  
To do them honor.

As fresh and green the memory to-day  
Of their brave deeds and willing sacrifice  
As is the May-day grass which grows  
Upon their final camping ground.

Brave soldiers of the Union:  
You fought for God and Home and Native Land,  
And won a victory complete.

The Nation's Starry Flag which waves above you  
Enunciates to all the world  
The triumph of the cause  
For which you shed your blood.  
No missing star from that proud Ensign  
Proclaims the failure of your mission.

The very men who fought against you,  
With valor like your own,  
Within whose veins the same red blood  
Of Freedom proudly flows,  
Rejoice to-day to see that Flag  
With every star restored,  
And pay their loyal tribute to the Union  
Which you fought to save.

And we, who now enjoy the fruit of your endeavor,  
Do know full well the awful cost  
Of blood and tears and treasure  
To keep that Flag unstained.

So long as in the firmament above  
The stars reflected in that Flag shall shine,  
So long your memory shall endure;  
A reunited country, cemented by your blood,  
Reveres your valiant and patriotic service,

Soldiers of the Union  
Who fell in Freedom's cause:  
Your comrades of the march and field and bivouac  
Once more salute you.

Each passing year their ranks are thinned,  
And comrade after comrade leaves their side  
To once again touch elbows  
With the bunkies gone before,  
And sleep their last long sleep  
Beneath the blanket which in time shall cover all,  
Until the bugle call shall sound the reveille  
On Resurrection morn.

"Attention, company,"  
And listen to the message which we bring to you  
From all your fellow-countrymen:

From North to South, and East to West,  
Throughout the borders of this favored land  
The people all are one,  
Are one in paying homage to your memory;  
Are one in reverence for the dear old flag  
You rescued from dishonor;  
Are one in resolution to sustain  
The Institutions of our fair, free land,  
And to forever guard it against every foe;  
Are one in friendship for the oppressed  
And sorrow-burdened ones of every land;  
Are one in opposition to oppression everywhere;  
Are one in our determination to preserve  
The heritage bequeathed us by our Fathers,  
No matter what the cost;  
Are one and inseparable, now and forever.

Then sleep thou on, brave comrades,  
And take your well-earned rest,  
While generation after generation  
Of your grateful countrymen  
Place laurels on your brow.

HARRY O. HALL

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